

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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VOL. 19, NO. 1

NOVEMBER, 1949

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

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THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale at the Illini Union Bookstore, Champaign, Illinois, at twenty-five cents a copy.



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Luck and Wheels

CHARLES R. GOLDMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

SPRING VACATION WAS RAPIDLY APPROACHING AT Culver Military Academy, and in an attempt to make the time of waiting go still faster I decided to get my twelve year old Plymouth coupe ready for the trip home. My counselor was a bit dubious about the idea, and his doubts quickly spread to the other members of the faculty. Most of them managed to wander out to the Motors shed to get a look at the old car, and some of them were bold enough to insinuate that it wouldn't go many miles without trouble. It must be said at this point that their skepticism was not wholly unwarranted, for the Plymouth in question was in numerous pieces all over the shop.

The faculty's light view of such a serious enterprise only put me on my mettle and drove me to greater efforts. I worked between classes, during recreation period, and frequently at night, in order to have the car in the best possible running order by the beginning of vacation. My best friend, Dan Pope, became interested in the project and decided to join me. At this point Major Harper, who taught Motors, furnished valuable aid by putting some of his classes to work on the car. The problem of obtaining manifold gaskets for such an old model almost stopped us, but again Major Harper came to our aid. Kicking the right rear tire in a friendly way with the wooden leg he had brought back from the First World War, he assured us that with little added effort we could make the gaskets ourselves.

As the day of departure approached, the faculty, further incited by the knowledge that we intended to add six hundred miles to the trip in order to spend a week-end in Bay City, Michigan, began to bet on the success or failure of our journey. A foot of snow was reported just north of the Indiana line, and as several inches had fallen on Culver the night before vacation started, the reported betting was said to be strongly favoring the weather.

My friend and I had agreed to wire from important points on route in order that those concerned might plot our progress. We decorated the car for our departure with slogans and streamers. An injection of light oil made it possible to produce a huge cloud of smoke from the exhaust for a spectacular take-off. The night before I had called a girl friend in South Bend, Indiana, and asked her to send a wire saying that we had passed through South Bend about an hour after the time at which I had counted on our making our departure. We spent a little too much time driving and honking around the campus, so when the first wire arrived we had only been gone twenty min-

utes. Upon receiving the wire a startled group of instructors in Physics and Mathematics announced to the other faculty members that by their nearest reckoning we were progressing northward as a speed slightly under eighty miles an hour.

It was zero when we left Culver, and about ten below by the time we reached the Michigan line. The absence of glass in the side windows and the lack of a heater and of weather stripping on the doors made it a cold trip. We kept blankets over our legs and canned heat burning constantly in the door-less glove compartment to keep our hands warm.

The only mechanical trouble on the trip arose from the poor workmanship of some well-meaning students in the Motors course, and was not of a very serious nature. The right front wheel had been set with a half inch too much toe-in, so that it rolled down the pavement at an angle rather than almost straight ahead as it should. If we left the tie rod as it was, we were almost certain to blow out the already thin tire. As we were miles from the next town when we discovered it, and going back was out of the question, I picked a grove of trees with a narrow lane and drove the car in for protection from the icy, night gale which was beginning to drive a fine snow from the northeast.

While I jacked the fore end of the car up, and cleared away the snow from under it, Dan built a fire about a foot in front of the radiator to keep the car and us from freezing to death and to furnish light for the operation. The wheel correction was surprisingly easy; we were ready to leave again in a few minutes. Then we discovered that it would be more difficult to get out of the lane than it had been to get in. Because of the density of the timber there was no way of turning around without serious risk of getting stuck, and the whirling snow made the visibility poor everywhere except directly within the beams of the head lights. Dan therefore very carefully directed my backing; yet in spite of this I bumped several small pines which retaliated by dumping their burden of snow on top of the car. The Plymouth was little more than a snow drift on wheels by the time we reached the highway.

The wind gradually became more severe, gathering the powdery snow into dense clouds which seemed to buffet the car from all directions. Because there were no windshield wipers it was necessary to make frequent stops to clear away the dry snow which piled rather than stuck on the glass. Trucks first appeared as only a faint glow through the swirling snow, then there was a sudden glare, a haze of snow and exhaust, and for an instant afterwards I could pick up the tiny pinpoints of red from their tail lights in my rear view mirror before they vanished into the night behind us.

It was midnight. We were running several hours behind schedule by the time we reached Lansing, Michigan, and announced the fact by wire to Culver. North of Lansing it was colder, but the wind drove only the drifting snow now,

and a pale silver moon illuminated the countryside. Just west of Owosso we ran through several miles of small drifts. As long as we maintained a good speed, the light car navigated the annoying drifts surprisingly well. A thin layer of snow gradually sifted up from the drifts through the floor boards. More blew in around the cardboard which took the place of the missing windows. We stopped in Saginaw to sweep this out, get a hamburger, and warm up a bit, then started on the last fifteen mile run into Bay City.

We arrived a half-hour ahead of the train we had been advised to take and sent a final wire back to school. The story may grow some-by the time I tell it to my grandchildren, and I suppose a lot of people think we were crazy for taking such an uncomfortable and dangerous journey; still, it will always be something to remember when remembering eventually replaces action.

Book Report on Winesburg, Ohio

JOHN C. BROWN

Rhetoric 101, Third Book Review

MOST AUTHORS WRITE ABOUT THE OUTWARD OR external aspects of their characters' lives. Their novels are constructed around a plot or definite story plan which serves to direct the line of action of their characters in a preconceived pattern. And so these characters are consigned to the roles of actors who dramatize the story-form the author creates for them. It's true these character-actors may be very realistic and may be easily recognized as life-and-blood humans, but few authors attempt to describe the silent but persistent emotions which motivate their actions. *Winesburg, Ohio* is one quiet, compassionate book that does tell of the inward longings, suppressions, and desires which shuttle unceasingly through a man's mind and which mold his personality.

In this book Sherwood Anderson describes the lives of some of the citizens of a small town in Ohio. These citizens aren't the ordinary men and women who are normally happy and well content with their lot in life, but they are instead the grotesques of modern civilization. They are the lost people who have accumulated too much of one phase of life in their personalities, and therefore live an out-of-proportion life that sets them apart from their ordinary fellow townsmen.

A normal individual has a well rounded personality which is subject to a change of mood by such emotions as anger, pity, and love, but he manages to keep these emotions in check. A normal man's personality is also affected by the motivations of many of the compelling forces of life—hunger, sexual de-

sire—. He will react to these forces in a manner which his intuition assures him is fitting. Most people are able to keep their desires, emotions, and ideas under control so that they will at least appear to be rational people. But practically all of the grotesques in Anderson's book have personalities which are unnaturally receptive to just one particular phase of living, such as one man's fanaticism for religion, another man's abnormal habit of telling people all of the interesting ideas which suddenly tumble in torrents from his active brain, and a woman's futile love for a man for whom she waited in vain for many years.

As the personality of Wing Biddlebaum developed from boyhood to manhood, it became more strongly attached to the more tender, more kind, and more sensitive choices of reaction to life's bewildering problems than the personalities of most masculine men tend to become attached to these more effeminate reactions. When Wing Biddlebaum carelessly fondled and rumbled the hair of his boy students while he talked sympathetically with them, he was only physically expressing the affection his nature had for all living animals. But the wild imaginings of a dull-witted boy served to crystallize the suspicions of the townspeople, who branded Wing as a moral degenerate and who organized themselves into a howling mob which delivered upon Wing's innocent and frightened form the oaths and blows befitting indignant parents.

You see, Wing hadn't talked enough to the farmer, to the housewife, or to the butcher. For these people who represent the townspeople knew him only by the occasional glimpses they had of him and by the loose-tongued gossip of their neighbors, who were more interested in startling their friends by eye-lifting exaggerations than by telling them the truth about savory morsels of news; but none of these townsmen actually knew what Wing thought about life or people. This almost bald man with the long, slim, nervous fingers was to Winesburg's social men a stranger who conversed only with the shadows of his own mind. This sensitive man always moved on the outskirts of the community's activity with the frightened eyes of a man who has been terribly hurt by a misconception which had stamped the ugly stigma of homosexuality on him. After the rude, jostling, vicious crowd had hysterically chased him out of town on a wild, rainy night, Wing's spirit was completely crushed, and he was never able to walk straight again.

Many other characters in *Winesburg, Ohio* had abnormal quirks in their personalities just as Wing had. Probably the character in the book who had the most peculiar nature was an eccentric artist called Enoch Robinson. This artist had found himself too unimportant in his regular circle of friends, and so, because of this hurt pride that choked his throat, he stopped seeing these friends. After his withdrawal he lived alone for years in a small tenement room with only the strange, misshapen people of his imagination to converse with. Even though his dream world was illusory, and even though it was a

hazy, fanciful world that bordered on insanity, Enoch was a happy and contented man. He had found in phantoms love and security which his flesh and blood brothers were not able to give him. Probably the individual with the most normal temperament of all the grotesques was the school teacher, Kate Smith, who was, nevertheless, akin to the nearly insane artist Enoch. She too was searching for a love that would give meaning and warmth to her rather barren, frugal existence as a school teacher. What Kate Smith needed and what the other grotesques needed was to find a meaning to Life.

The serious but futile words of a tall, red-haired, young stranger who had attempted to avoid the confusion of the modern world by drinking express what the grotesques were searching so longingly for. The red-haired man declared sadly to a small girl, "Drink is not the only thing to which I am addicted; there is something else. I am a lover and have not found my thing to love. That is a big point if you know enough to realize what I mean. It makes my destruction inevitable, you see. There are few who understand that." Most of the other characters in the book were also hopelessly searching for a chimerical something that would satisfy their desperate hunger for love. Many of Anderson's characters found this elusive will-of-the-wisp for a short time, but inevitably their brief happiness would be shattered by some implacable blind-spot in their characters which caused them to avoid making friends who could give their life fullness and richness, and which caused them to avoid developing a useful and respected place for themselves in the community life of Winesburg.

In this book men die deaths because they have lost their motivating interests in life; women are seduced by men-opportunists while searching for a love that would fill their nights and days with color, but they only find an occasional excitement; a thin, wiry man envisions himself a Biblical prophet; and so these frustrated people move and stumble through this story with the unceasing pace of a march of ants, always searching for their grail of happiness. Men die; women fall; a man calls hosannah, and the book moves on with the unhurried rate of a slow river. For Mr. Anderson is first and last a reporter who writes with an economy of detail that at times tends to repress the emotion of the book, until the culminating cries of urgent appeal from the distraught people become but a monotonous undertone.

Because of the reporter's restraint, Sherwood Anderson presents his ideas in a very succinct and lucid manner. Many of the author's most thoughtful ideas are very striking in their simplicity of delivery, and their importance is noticeably increased by this well-defined shortness of presentation. Rarely does Mr. Anderson elaborate upon the basic thought of his ideas by philosophically discussing them in paragraphs of abstract thought. But there tends to be too much striving for eloquence of expression in many books today, especially when an author laboriously endeavors to explain the ambiguity of a

person's nature in the esoteric cant of modern psychology. Sherwood Anderson felt it was sufficient to express the ideas of the people in the words of the people.

Heavy-lidded people who wear the dull, expressionless masks of worldly cynicism and aloof sophistication may brand *Winesburg, Ohio* as a rather childlike book. And they may smile their weary smile of deprecation when they apologetically murmur their casual opinions as to the apparent naivete and brevity of expression of this book. However, ultimately they hurriedly add in a hurt tone of protest (lest you misunderstand their liberal appreciation of ash-can literature), "Oh, the book is simply *crawling* with imagination but—!" By the word "but," which they soften with an ingratiating smile of emphasis, these embittered people imply there is no great intellectual jig-saw pattern of words in this book which would fully exercise their intellectual capacity and their vocabulary. And it is true, there is none of the dignified wording and sonorousness of expression of, say, Emerson or Jefferson, found in this book. But there is something more; there is an appealing quality present to which every thoughtful person will respond who has stood awkwardly before the glaring third-degree lights of his own self-scrutiny.

When critically inclined, what man alive is there who hasn't mentally sweated great beads of worry, who hasn't grown sick and weak from the poignant discouragement of failure, who hasn't awakened tossing feverishly in the throbbing musicale of darkest midnight when silence is oppressive and wondered at the inexorable enigma of human life; and what perplexed human being hasn't asked himself, "Why am I alive, who am I alive, and where am I alive?" If you have flirted with these unmapped regions or thought, or if you are only sympathetic with your less fortunate brethren—the grotesques—you will almost be able to feel the warm rush of human blood that is pumped throughout the pages of the book by the gently throbbing heart of this compassionate story about a confused race of men. If you have spent a thousand hours in the pursuit of the will-of-the-wisp abstraction called happiness, then the grotesques' search is your search.

David

The statue of David, by Michelangelo, has long been my favorite piece of sculpture. The slim, boyish perfection of David, the fearless, frank face, the confident stance, all these add up to a surging, rising tide of optimism. Then I see the hand. Swollen, murderous in appearance, the hand seems to contradict, yet to complement the boy. Fit only for killing, it symbolizes the deed to be done, the future of the man, and the imperfection of human-kind. The long, lank arm is fit also for the task; yet, its strength seems to be a good strength—as if it reflects the strength of God behind the act.

David was inherently good, yet he failed at the end of life. The hand is a prediction. In this case, the hand makes the man—crowding out the good of the boy and young man with its bloody and sullen strength.—JOHN S. HOLLADAY.

Should We Have a Democratic Army?

HARRY MADSEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

"THIS IS A DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY, AND WE OUGHT TO have a democratic army." That is the cry that went up from citizens both in and out of uniform. When the war was over, a large part of the population was suddenly disturbed by what it sometimes even termed "un-constitutional caste differences" in the army. There was much evidence to prove that the army and other branches of the service did embrace prejudices which were adverse to the mode of living in the United States. Talk dilated into congressional investigations, and editors eagerly pressed the question, "Should we have a democratic army?"

The Websterian interpretation of *army* holds that it is a body of men trained and equipped for war, and that *democratic* means socially equal. We shall be guided by these definitions in all further discussion.

To the question cited there are the three normal answers: (1) Yes; (2) Maybe; (3) No. The first of these answers is supported by those who encourage the assertion in the opening of the first paragraph. We shall ignore those members of the second classification who say, "Maybe" only because they are incapable or afraid to say anything else. We will consider though, those who sincerely believe that a solution lies in some sort of a compromise. Among the representatives of the negative group we will find a great many members of the civilian population as well as supporters from every rank in the army. Let us investigate the reasoning of each of these factions.

The first faction maintains that the founders of independence in our country were men and the sons of men who were refugees from the religious and political persecution of the feudality of monarchical governments in Europe. When they drew up their laws and charters, they expounded upon the purpose for which they had fled their mother countries. In the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States the roots of a nation took hold in the fertile ground of phrases entirely based upon freedom and equality.

Since the penning of these original documents all legislation in the United States has been centered about the interests of the individual. If at any time a proposed bill violated any section of the Constitution, it was either voted down or amended. Throughout our history the rights of the individual have been closely guarded except where the military service has been concerned.

Under the system now in effect it is impossible for a man to enter the army, voluntarily or otherwise, without sacrificing the very freedoms he is supposed to defend.

The economic practice of free enterprise in our country is only a reflective magnification of individual freedoms. One does not have to delve too far into history to trace the day when all businesses were operated upon the same theory as the one our army operates today. The executives of yesteryear were domineering individuals who, not unlike many of the officers in our army today, preferred to think of the commoner as a cog fulfilling a preordained destiny in a wheel of his little kingdom. "In the recent bitter years of management-labor strife we have learned the hard way. So far these lessons and the answers we have found have not been conveyed to the military phase of our national life. Well managed organizations in and out of business have come to see that men work best when encouraged thru [*sic*] proper executive environment."¹ If the army would utilize those devices which have remedied parallel evils in the business world, not only would there be longer lines at the recruiting stations, but a greater service would be received from the individual soldier.

The second faction holds that all of the sciences, including that of theology, assure us that no earthly thing is perfect. Undoubtedly this includes the organization of the army. Scholars, research, and history lead us strongly to believe that everything may be improved upon, and, even more assuredly, this includes the organization of the army. There is much room for improvement in our military services, but the system as it is now set up should not be undermined completely.

It is understandable that in any society there must be leaders and there must be followers. The army should maintain a specialized group of leaders that would correspond to the present classification of officers. However, the distinction of separate uniforms and separate insignias which serve only as labels to classify the wearer for the convenience of his superiors does nothing to promote the efficiency of his contribution towards the unified effort. Rank should be maintained, but rather than being distinguished by a stripe or a bar, it should be at all times perceptible by the quality of the actions displayed by the individual. The respect of subordinates should be for the quality of their superiors rather than for the degree of their rank.

The third group maintains that an army is an organization designed for a single purpose, and that purpose is success in combat.² Unless an army is

¹ "End to Insignia of Rank Urged by Ex-General" (News item), *Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 17, 1948, 28:3.

² This is the definition accepted by the United States Army Infantry School in Ft. Benning, Georgia.

capable of achieving the stated purpose within the scope of logical odds, its existence is pure folly and the taxpayer might as well enjoy observing military allocations being applied to the reduction of the national debt. If a democratic army could accomplish the end for which it was intended, it would be entirely logical that we should have such an army, but could a democratic army do its job?

Initially it must be admitted that the term *democratic army* is conflicting in itself, because if an army is democratic it ceases to be an army in the military sense. The banishment of rank differences has not gone untested in history. The outcome of this practice has been well demonstrated within the last decade.

While the smoke was gathering for the full fury of World War II, the world was amazed by the drama that took place in Northeast Europe. The way little Finland was apparently swinging the big, bad Russian Bear by the tail was an international source of mirth. Faces in Moscow grew red and military advisors were quickly dispatched to determine the source of the trouble. Dispatch was unnecessary, however, for within the Kremlin were men who understood the whole situation and the way in which it came about.

After Nicholas II, the royal family, the military leaders, and any other sundry nobility that the revolutionists of 1917 could summon had been relieved of all burdens above their shoulders, everything was going to be fine in the U.S.S.R. There were to be no castes, no classes, and everybody was going to be everybody else's brother. The word *comrade* gained fresh significance. Even in the army everything became *comradski*³ from top to bottom. Saluting was abolished, and the Russian equivalent of *Yes sir* and *No sir* was exchanged for a slap on the back. It was in this state that the army of the U.S.S.R. attacked Finland in 1938.

Says Ivan, "Let's take that hill from the left, comrades."

Indignantly Mishka rolls over and says, "No, no, comrade Ivan; anyone can see that the proper way to take that hill is from the right."

Pishka looks up from the kettle of borsch that he is stirring. "Comrades, to go to the left, or to go to the right would obviously leave us open to the greatest concentration of enemy fire. The only way to take that hill is to completely circle it and attack from the rear."

These three of the twenty million generals in the Russian Army each knew himself to be correct, for had not he reasoned to arrive at a solution, and had not the government said that his voice was to be heard in all decisions? Each was puzzled until Pishka, the brightest, ignored for a moment his ragout stew and proclaimed, "Ivan! Mishka! Comrades! I have the solution! We will vote on which is the best way to take the hill."

A poll was taken, and of the votes cast, one chose left, the second right, and

³ A non-dictionarial term which the author feels is self-explanatory.

the third was in favor of an attack from the rear. With scorn at the injustice of his uncooperative comrades each of the red doughboys snatched up his rifle and bottle of vodka before stomping off to take the hill by himself from the direction that he knew was best.

The net result was that nobody got up the hill. The reader may say that this situation is fantastic, and the author will agree, for he is quite sure that this specific incident never took place. These circumstances were cited for the purpose of reducing the actual picture to a magnitude which may be observed freely. The moral, if you wish to call it that, which may be derived from this story is the same as that conclusion which was accepted by Premier Stalin as the reason for the poor showing of his armies in the Finnish campaign.⁴ The story and the Russo-Finn War illustrates to us that in order to derive the maximum benefit from a military organization in combat there must be a centralization of command.⁵ Not only must that command be centralized, but it must be clearly defined.⁶

When you have a centralized command, you have a situation in which the one head man in a military unit has only to say, "Jump," and every man in the unit will jump. They don't stop to ask why or to investigate the logic of jumping, because as soldiers they have been taught that it is not particularly important that they know why they jump but very important that they do jump. In a combat situation a battle might easily be lost in the time it takes to explain to a company why forces should be deployed to the left flank. Chances are that if Pishka, or Mishka, or Ivan had been in sole charge of our hero trio, they might have been successful in making a unified attack from any one of the three directions. A winning army must operate on a policy that is often sneered at as the blind obedience of subordinates to their seniors.

War is not the only time the application of this theory should be practiced, because it cannot be taught to a *democratic army* overnight in preparation for combat. I have seen instances in the service where a lack of this quality has been costly.

The single track railroad running from Pusan to Seoul, Korea, was used principally by the United States Occupation Forces, but was operated by the Koreans. On September 16, 1948, a native switchman got his signals mixed and sent a single locomotive speeding southward. Heading north on the same tract was a military troop train which had stopped to take on water at Pang Jin Chuk. Two alert members of the Corps of Military Police noticed the approaching locomotive and ran from one end of the train to the other shouting

⁴ Information from lecture given by Captain J. Wilson in April, 1947, in the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Georgia.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*

into each car, "Evacuate this car immediately!"⁷ Two soldiers from my platoon were on that train, and they were among the few who obeyed the command of the MPs. From a ditch fifty yards away they saw the entire train reduced to splinters, and the headlines back home read, "45 AMERICANS KILLED IN KOREAN CRASH DEATH TOTAL RISING." Before the end of the week twenty-two more men died of injuries incurred in the wreck.

No, we're not too hard on the boys in service. It seems to me that rather than a *democratic army*, what we need is more discipline and a finer line of distinction between those who issue and those who receive orders. When there is a variation of uniforms between ranks, there is more behind it than that motive which persuades Mrs. Van Upsnoot that she should wear her Persian furs in the heat of summer. A diversity of dress and insignia places a psychological emphasis upon the differences in rank which must be observed. No member of a military organization should ever be in doubt as to whether or not he should obey the man speaking to him.

Democracy is the best form of government in existence today, but there is no room for it in an army which defends any type of government. A well organized army is the most rigid type of monarchy one may ever hope to observe.

Let the reader then add to these thoughts his own, and determine only after due consideration the answer to the question, "Should we have a democratic army?"

⁷ As told by an eye-witness.

Hot

HOLLIS WUNDER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

THE HEAT OF THE AFTERNOON SUN WAS AT ITS MAXIMUM. JOE'S Bar and Grill was doing a thriving business just selling dime beers. I tried to keep the heat away by drinking beer, but it didn't help. My clean, starched shirt had already become flaccid; and the perspiration made it stick to my wet body. I motioned to Joe for another beer. I could hear a poker game going on in the back room. Shorty nodded to me as he came out and took a stool next to mine. It was too hot for conversation. I watched a bead of perspiration hang on the end of his bent nose, finally splattering on his pants' leg. Shorty put his hand down and scratched the spot, muttering under his breath, "Damn flies." I laughed and ordered another beer. Joe came over, picked up the glass, and wiped away the puddle which had formed.

Looking into his beer, Shorty asked, "How come you no play cards today?"

"Too hot," I replied.

"Yeah," Shorty said, "too hot." He rose slowly, flicked his cigarette butt towards a cuspidor, and went into the back room.

José Rijal, Spokesman for the Philippines

ALFREDO D. VERGARA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

ON DECEMBER 30 (OR ON THE SUNDAY NEAREST TO that date) Filipinos both in this country and in the Islands hold their annual Rijal Day Celebration, a day of festivity held to commemorate the death of José Rijal, the national hero of the Philippines. Why do Filipinos remember this man? What did he accomplish? Filipinos remember him because he lightened for his countrymen the tyranny of the Spanish administration of the Island and gave his life for the welfare of his countrymen.

"José Rijal Mercado y Alonso, as his name emerges from the confusion of Filipino titles and terminology,"¹ was born in the small town of Calamba, which is about a three hours' journey from Manila, on June 19, 1861.² Although he usually referred to himself as a pure-blooded Tagal, which is a native of one of the original Filipino tribes, he had some Spanish and Chinese blood. Rijal's parents were well-to-do rice growers, wealthy enough to give him an education far superior to the training that the average Filipino child received. The will to learn was put into Rijal's mind through the efforts of his mother. It was she who taught him to read Spanish and urged him to develop his talents for writing and drawing.³

His parents both wanted him to become a priest, and it was with this intention that they employed a Tagal priest to tutor José at home until he was eight years old. On the recommendation of his tutor, Rijal was sent to the Ateneo Municipal, a school managed by the Jesuits in Manila. At this school Rijal distinguished himself by writing poems which won prizes in literary contests and by graduating at the top of his class.⁴ After finishing his studies

¹ "Rijal's Picture of The Philippines Under Spain," *Review of Reviews*, XLVII, May 1913, 592.

² "A Filipino Who Died for His Country," *Literary Digest*, LXII, July 26, 1919, 44.

³ "Rijal's Picture of the Philippines Under Spain," *loc. cit.*

⁴ Hjalmar Stolpe, "José Rijal, the Filipino Hero," *Review of Reviews*, XIX, April 1899, 471.

at Ateneo and receiving a Bachelor of Arts diploma, Rijal entered the University of Santo Thomas in Manila, where he specialized in medicine.⁵

Rijal finished his work at the University of Santo Thomas in 1882 and received a degree in medicine. He then went to France and Germany to broaden his general education and also to take advanced courses in medicine at places which taught the medical sciences at a high level.⁶

Rijal first studied at the Central University at Madrid, where he took his degrees "as a doctor of medicine and as a licentiate of philosophy and literature with ease."⁷ In 1885 he traveled to Paris to study art and to specialize in ophthalmology. He devoted his attention to the eye diseases prevalent in the Islands, diseases for which cures were not well understood.⁸ From Paris he went to Heidelberg and Berlin, where he studied psychology and mastered the German language. German was not the only language that Rijal had at his command. He was able to read and write Tagalog (a Filipino dialect), Spanish, English, Greek, French, and German, and he had a reading knowledge of Latin, Russian, Dutch, and Visayan (another Filipino dialect).⁹

Besides studying medicine, philosophy, and psychology, and mastering so many languages, Rijal was also a sculptor. "One statue, 'The Victory of Death Over Life,' represents a skeleton in the garb of a monk clasping the corpse of a young woman. Another, called 'The Victory of Science Over Death,' shows Science standing on a skull with a flaming torch upheld in both hands."¹⁰ His statues were very original and showed the signs of a skilled sculptor.

After finishing his studies, Rijal traveled extensively in Europe and began his practice of medicine as an oculist. As he traveled, he saw the great difference in advancement between European and Filipino culture. His mind was always seeking ways to improve the living conditions of his countrymen. He never forgot them as he traveled, because he was not content that he alone should enjoy the comforts Europe provided. In his mind he might have put upon his own shoulders the task of liberating his country. He began his one-man crusade by telling the world of the miserable conditions which prevailed in the Philippines. He hoped that he might enlighten the white man of Europe as to the wretched life of the Filipinos, and perhaps the European

⁵ Austin Craig, *Lineage, Life, and Labors of José Rijal, Philippine Patriot*, Manila, 1913, p. 105.

⁶ Stolpe, *op. cit.*, p. 472.

⁷ Hugh Clifford, "The Story of José Rijal, the Filipino," *Blackwood's Magazine*, CLXXII, November 1902, 621.

⁸ Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

⁹ "A Filipino Who Died for his Country," *loc. cit.*

¹⁰ Stolpe, *loc. cit.*

sense of justice would start a movement for reform.¹¹ In order to let the world know something of the Philippines, Rijal wrote *Noli Me Tangere* (*The Social Cancer*) and had the novel published in 1887 at Berlin. In 1891, the sequel, *El Filibusterismo* (*The Reign of Greed*) was published at Ghent.¹²

In his first book, Rijal attacked the corrupt officials of the Islands. All offices in the Philippines were bought and sold in the open, and in one paragraph Rijal completely describes the government officials.

The Spaniards who came to the Philippines are unfortunately not always what they should be. Continual changes, the demoralization of the governing class, favouritism, the low cost of passage, and the rapidity with which the voyage can be made, are the causes of all the evil; hither come all the broken men of Spain; if some of them be good the country quickly corrupts them.¹³

Rijal also criticized the methods of tax collecting. There was a heavy tax for land owned by the Church, one for crops, and even a tax for cock fighting. The Philipinos enjoyed cock fighting as much as Americans like baseball. Because there was a large amount of wagering on the cock fights the Spaniards, instead of trying to put an end to this vice, encouraged it. The Spanish administration benefited from cock fighting by claiming ten per cent of all the wagers. It is said that this vice "more than aught else, contributed to the moral ruin and material impoverishment of the native peasantry."¹⁴

Even more than the rotten administration of the Islands, Rijal blamed the clerical party for retarding reform. The early friars were saints in the eyes of the people. They brought Christianity to a barbarous people, and they accomplished their mission by suffering great ordeals. During Rijal's time, however, the priests were wealthy, owned splendid parish houses and large tracts of land which they rented to the natives. They were very influential in local politics. Because they had control of the majority of the schools they were able to restrict the education of the people. As long as the natives were ignorant of their conditions, the priests were free to abuse their power.¹⁵

Faced with these conditions Rijal did not believe that his country could stand alone as a separate government. He therefore desired to preserve the Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines, but he desired also to bring about reforms and conditions conducive to advancement. To this end he carefully pointed out those colonial shortcomings that caused fric-

¹¹ Clifford, *op. cit.*, p. 622.

¹² Stolpe, *loc. cit.*

¹³ As quoted by Clifford, *op. cit.*, p. 624.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 626.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 627.

tion, kept up discontent, and prevented safe progress, and that could have been perfectly easy to correct.¹⁶

His second book is not really a novel. It was

A series of word paintings making up a terrific arraignment of the entire Spanish ecclesiastical regime in the islands. It represents Rijal's more mature judgment on political and social conditions. It is graver and less powerful in tone and is full of bitter sarcasm, although ostensibly a continuation of the first story.¹⁷

In this volume Rijal began thinking about a new kind of government which would replace the corrupt Spanish regime. In his first book he described the conditions under Spanish administration during his own life time; his second book forecast what would happen in the future if Spanish policies were not changed. These two books destroyed Spain's prestige in the Philippines.¹⁸

Noli Me Tangere was not as widely read in Europe as Rijal had hoped, but it was read with excitement throughout the Philippines, even though the book was banned by the Church and the Spaniards tried to suppress it. The influence of the book in the Philippines was tremendous. At last the Filipinos were enlightened as to their conditions. When Rijal returned to Manila in 1887, he was greeted as a hero. José realized that the Spaniards regarded him as a dangerous revolutionist and that his life was in danger. He therefore sought safety abroad early in 1888, making his residence in London after traveling through Japan and the United States.¹⁹

While Rijal resided in London, the effect of his book began to show among the people. Discontent and unrest prevailed, and soon many small rebellions sprang up all over the country. Because these uprisings were not co-ordinated and were not led by capable men, the Spaniards were able to quell them very easily. In 1892 the Philippines continued to be rebellious, and the Spaniards were finding some difficulty in suppressing the rebellions. Rijal believed that the only way for his people to get any reform in the Islands was through negotiation. He wanted to return in order to give his people the diplomatic leadership they needed. Knowing that he was a marked man, he feared to return unless the Spanish authorities guaranteed his safety. He offered his help in stopping the uprisings, but the authorities were reluctant to believe in him. The Governor-General of the Philippines finally consented and urged Rijal to return. Rijal, relying on the governor's pledge and in spite of warnings from his friends, returned to the Islands. In doing so he walked into a trap, for as soon as he returned, he was arrested on the charge of writing se-

¹⁶ Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

¹⁷ "Rijal's Picture of the Philippines Under Spain," *loc. cit.*

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ Clifford, *op. cit.*, pp. 632-633.

ditionous literature and was exiled to Mindanao, the largest southern island of the archipelago.²⁰

For four years, 1892 to 1896, Rijal was allowed to practice medicine in Mindanao. During his exile, he was visited by leaders of various rebellious organizations, men who sought his advice. José was still opposed to any violent action because he still hoped that someday the authorities would free him from exile, and then he could help negotiate an agreement. He had many chances to escape, but he refused to leave.²¹

Rijal's chance to show his loyalty to Spain came in 1896. During that year an epidemic in Cuba caused a shortage of medical men. His offer to help was accepted by the Governor-General and he embarked for Cuba. While he was on his way, another uprising started in the Philippines. Better organized than the previous rebellions, it took all of Spain's army in the Islands to put it down. That the uprising occurred just when Rijal was released from exile put him in a suspicious position. He had nothing to do with the revolt, but the Spanish authorities had him brought back to Manila on the charge of being one of the leaders of the uprising.

He was tried on circumstantial evidence. By Spanish law, he was guilty until he proved his innocence. Rijal didn't have a chance against a jury composed of the people whom his books attacked. He was found guilty, and on December 30, 1896, he was placed in front of a firing squad and shot in the back.²²

It was unfortunate that Rijal could not have lived a few more years to see his dream of reforming the Philippines come true. When that dream came true President Theodore Roosevelt had this to say about Rijal: "In the Philippine Islands, the American Government has tried, and is trying, to carry out exactly what the greatest genius and most revered patriot ever known in the Philippines, José Rijal, steadfastly advocated."²³

²⁰ *Ibid.*

²¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 635-636.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 637.

²³ As quoted by Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 19.

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The Storm

SHIRLEY GIESECKE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE EVENING IS QUIET AND COOL. THE STARS ARE shining dimly in the sky. But in spite of this seeming serenity, there is a feeling that something is about to happen.

The wind begins to come in puffy little gusts that bring a fresh green smell with them. The few old brown leaves that cling to the bare trees, like rags on a scarecrow, whip madly about in the air and then finally slip down to the bare earth.

The clouds begin to roll up swiftly, trying to catch the moon before it can escape. The clouds come, first in dark feathers and then in even darker billows, like the waves rolling into a beach. They move faster and faster and come closer and closer together, and soon the sky is completely covered by them. Thus the moon and stars are concealed by the monstrous cloud, and the world is in darkness.

The trees begin to sway in the wind as the first flashes of lightning appear. The silhouettes of trees are outlines in the brilliant light for just an instant, and then the world is dark again, silently awaiting the crash of thunder which follows.

The movements of the trees and leaves become more frenzied. The thunder and lightning become more frequent. There is an electrical feeling of suspense in the air. Somewhere a shutter bangs, and elsewhere a milk bottle is broken as it is blown over. Windows rattle, curtains blow, lightning flashes, and thunder crashes.

Finally there comes a sound like a kitten scampering softly through the leaves. It's the long-awaited rain. It comes quietly at first and then in heavier gusts. It beats against the window panes, runs down the sides of houses, and collects everywhere in little puddles. The earth drinks the rain like a man suffering from thirst. After the earth's thirst is satiated, the rain steals softly away.

Once more all the world is silent in sleep, but it is a different sort of sleep than before the storm. Now there is a washed, contented feeling in the air, as well as a feeling of quiet peace.

Orient of the West

GWEN JEAN SATTERLEE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

LEE'S," I SHRIEKED JOYFULLY, AND MOTHER LAUGHED at my wild display of enthusiasm. It was my eighth birthday, and she had given me the choice of seeing the circus at Madison Square Garden or going to "Lee's" in Chinatown. The choice wasn't a hard one to make, as I had seen the circus many times before, while every trip to Chinatown was as enchanting as the first.

Dressing me for the affair was a contest of nerves; I fidgeted during the buttoning process, wriggled while my shoes were being fastened, and pleaded for "pig-tails," as my hair was being shaped into long curls.

Once on the bus, all tension ceased. I sat back placidly and received timely instructions from Mother on how a lady behaves in a restaurant. From the corner of my eye, I noticed that we were slowly making our way through a fantasy of contrast which typified New York City. From Third Avenue (the slum district known as "Hell's Kitchen") we swung onto Fifth Avenue, which was arrayed with elite shops, beautiful buildings, and stylish pedestrians who were walking their dogs. "Soon we will be at Lee's," I mused. Suddenly, the contrast was even more inconceivable—right in the heart of a typical American city lay a truly Chinese village. Odd-shaped houses crowded against one another, brilliantly colored and adorned with gay, flying banners.

We descended from the bus and walked along the narrow, curving streets towards "Lee's." We passed a church and stepped in to make a wish. Outside again, I pulled Mother towards a curio-shop window. She smiled as I pointed out the coveted articles and finally went in to purchase the silver bracelet on display. While Mother made the transaction with the storekeeper, I gazed through the window at the people across the street. I asked if they were going to church, for the building they entered resembled a Chinese temple. The proprietor smiled, saying that it was a Chinese theater. From that moment on, Mother had no peace. She attempted to explain that it was not a movie, but something that I wouldn't be able to understand. Tearfully, I persisted with the possibilities of visiting this intriguing site.

We entered "Lee's" Restaurant and went directly to our table. When we were served, Lee brought chopsticks to us, and Mother groaned that it would take me hours to finish the meal. Lee replied that since it was my birthday, I could keep the chopsticks as a gift and practice at home. This was no comfort to Mother, and she vainly hoped that I would forget and leave them there.

Lee's young son continually walked past our table and tweaked my curls to see them bounce. I had to remind myself, on several occasions, that he was a mere roustabout of seven, and that it wouldn't become a lady to turn around and kick him in the shins.

When we were ready to leave (I had, unwillingly, reverted to a fork), Mother asked Lee about the "S-H-O-W." The answer must have been favorable, since that was our next stop. As we walked through the massive, carved doors of the theatre, I asked if we would be on time. Mother said that in a Chinese theater there was very little concern over the time element; some productions lasted for as long as three days, and people rarely expected to see both the beginning and the end in one visit. In spite of this apparent handicap, I found that it was fairly simple to understand the action taking place.

I must admit that this particular theater has never been equaled by any that I have seen since. True, the interior was very much like any other theater. The seats were arranged in the same manner, and the stage was in the correct place, but I was confused by the activity surrounding me. The actors on the stage were barely audible above the conversations going on in the audience. To the right of me, a little old woman was napping while her two small boys played leap-frog with every seat they found unoccupied. Most of the old men were smoking long, thin pipes, and the whole front row seemed to be reading the latest edition of China-town's *Gazette*.

After I became familiar with my surroundings, I proceeded to pay more attention to what was taking place on the stage. I had noticed, on entering, that the stage was brightly lighted, and that gaily-clad figures were dancing to an exotic, sensuous tune which was being played by the orchestra. The orchestra consisted of two pieces, both mandolins, which were on stage throughout the performance. A girl stood in a balcony-affair, and sang in an eerie, sing-song style. On more concentrated observation, I saw that the costumes, which were so brilliantly colored, seemed to be arrayed with various shining jewels. The headdresses were huge and heavily ornamented. Both men and women danced and sang. They made love, killed one another, and then danced and sang with still more vigor. Every conceivable plot was used; yet the backdrops were never changed. Whether the scene took place in a garden or a dining room, the same oriental mountains and rivers remained in the background. The dancers came on so frequently that it was impossible to keep any furniture on the stage; consequently, propmen appeared often, bringing a tree to represent the garden, or small tables with dishes on them for a dining room. These were retrieved as soon as they had served their purpose. I sat quietly fascinated, wondering what they would bring out next.

Suddenly, I felt Mother nudge me; it was time to go home. Once outside, the spell was broken, and I trudged wearily towards the reality of the bus stop.

Holidays and Celebrations at Hull House

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric X2, Assignment 7, Extension

HOLIDAYS AT HULL HOUSE, WHERE I WORKED FOR some years, reflect the interest and traditions of the people who live in its neighborhood. During my residence, the neighborhood, a real melting pot, was made up of Russian Jews, Greeks, Italians, and a scattering of Irish who remained after the Italians "took over" Taylor Street. There grew here a great sympathy, tolerance, respect, and understanding between the different peoples of the old world who, on coming to the new world, found themselves living side by side in our American slum areas. These could be seen especially in the holidays and celebrations.

Early in my stay at Hull House I was fascinated by a crayon drawing that hung on the wall of an inner office. It showed, in uncertain outline on a dark background, figures of men trudging along Halsted Street, carrying lighted torches. There were many figures, but in each instance the faces seemed to have the same contour, the same expression. The coloring emphasized the gloominess of the picture—heavy brown tones with purple-black shadows. The artist, a Hull House resident, explained to me that the picture was intended to tell the story of the pre-Easter procession of the Greek people of the neighborhood. The Sunday before Easter, they march through the street to their church for a special service. "It is wonderful and beautiful. I didn't get it true." The explanation had not helped me very much to understand its meaning, but I planned to be on hand to see for myself.

The next day, I walked down Polk Street to see the Greek Church. It was a dingy, old, red-brick structure, two stories high. The rounded steeple, with its crowning cross, gave it an air of importance, a kind of dignity; but this was belied by the ugliness of the street below. It was cluttered with street rubbish, old newspapers, and tin cans. Ragged, dirty-faced youngsters were playing hop-scotch on the pavement marked with yellow chalk. It was like any other street corner in the neighborhood.

On Sunday afternoon, the day of the procession, I looked out of the window onto Halsted Street. The phonograph shop on the corner was blaring its jazz tunes out to the street; Mr. Cohen was much in evidence at his second-hand furniture store, selling his wares from his open door. The Mexican Pottery

Shop lights were on. Halsted Street noises and confusions were still there—business as usual. But in the tenement windows over the shops, all along the street, I noticed squatty, wide-based, tallow candles like those Hull House had placed in the second floor windows for the occasion.

The sun was going down. Suddenly, without any other signal, I was conscious of a queer kind of stillness. There was a hush of street noises. Mr. Cohen and Jennie, his wife, were carrying the brass bedsteads in from the street. The phonograph shop was closing; the music was turned off, and the iron grating that protected the windows was being clamped into place. The lights went out at Marchetto's. There was Mr. Cohen reaching into his window to place some candles. There were candles, too, in the Mexican Pottery Shop! Unbelievable! They couldn't be Greek!

I went to my room for my coat, and by the time I returned, the street was cleared of people. Even the streetcar clatter seemed to be muffled. There was no need to clang the "get-out-of-the-way" foot gong; automobiles and trucks had disappeared.

Faintly, I could hear strains of music from a distant band. It sounded like brass instruments and a low rumbling drum. As it became clearer, the sound was a subdued, doleful tune, with a single melodic phrase repeated over and over again, like a funeral dirge. It was dark now, and one could see only the lighted torches in the distance and hear the shuffling feet. The candles in the windows were lighted, framing groups of solemn faces in their golden circles.

The men moved slowly toward us—dark, shadow-like figures with lighted torches. They walked on the sidewalk, in the gutters, on the open street—hundreds and hundreds of men. In the faces of these men there was something different, something I had never seen before. I was uneasy. I stepped back into the shadow of the doorway, my eyes glued on the marchers. On the shoulders of twelve men, six on either side, was the draped figure of the Crucifix. How carefully, how reverently they carried it! Then I saw, clearly, that each man was walking alone—walking with his God. They were re-enacting the tragedy of Christ on the Cross.

I came back into the house on tip-toe to take my seat at the window and to listen for a while, not quite hearing. The music was fading away; the trudging figures were disappearing into the night. Now only the sound of the shuffling feet remained and that, too, was slowly being swallowed up in the low, drumming sound as it rolled away into silence. I was still sitting at the window when the house lights went on. As I saw the picture again, I could understand why such a picture could not be painted. It had no definite form. It was a thing of such spiritual beauty that it could not be described. Our Greek neighbors had retold the story that belonged to the ages, and we were all grateful to them for it.

The following Sunday evening I was on my way to a wedding at Bowen Hall, in the Hull House building. Benuto Colucci and Estelle Hogan were to

be married—at last! I had known the youngsters through the preceding five years as members of the Kismet Club, a Hull House sponsored social club for teen-agers. Benuto was tall, dark complexioned, and handsome at twenty; Estelle was eighteen, a red haired, freckle-faced Irish girl. I had had an opportunity to see these young people grow up; to see them, through their adolescent period, take on and discard friendships; to watch them become surer with time that they were “meant for each other,” as Estelle romantically put it. I had been the confidant of one and then of the other. I had watched them from the side lines as jealousies developed with new rivals. I had been called in to referee quarrels between their respective parents.

Benuto was brought to this country from Sicily when he was two. He was the oldest of seven children, the pride of his family. Mr. Colucci was ambitious for Benuto. He was troubled about Benuto’s interest in Estelle and came to me one day to say, “It’s no good Irish mix with Italian.” He wanted to enlist my help in keeping the young people apart. He had to learn that the House meant only to furnish a healthy place for recreation for the young people. The other disciplines that families wished to impose had to be their own business. Nor did Mr. Hogan like the idea, either. He announced in no uncertain terms that no daughter of his would “lower herself to like a wop!” The young people had a very rough time of it.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Colucci were persuaded to join the neighborhood club where Mr. and Mrs. Hogan were also members. Time and opportunity helped to substitute friendliness for suspicion and kindness for enmity in the relationship between the two families. Now, the young people were to be married with the blessings of their families. Estelle told me it had been easy enough to get the church wedding worked out because they were both Catholic, but the wedding party, that was something else! Mr. Colucci expressed his opinions vehemently in eloquent Italian and English curses; Mr. Hogan, with little provocation, had let his fists fly without too much concern about where they landed. But even these differences had been resolved, and the wedding party was about to begin.

In true Italian tradition, a long narrow table was stretched the full width of the hall at the far end. The bride, the groom, and their parents, were seated behind it. At one end of the table, on a sparkling white cloth that extended to the floor, was a platter full of corned beef sandwiches; at the other end was a collection of Italian pastry. In the middle of the table reaching up at least three feet from the table top, was an enormous pyramid of wedding cake, layer on layer with swirls of crusted-white frosting in roses and intricate designs. Perched precariously on the top under a glistening white frosting bell were figures of the bride and groom. The cake was a specialty of the House of Sarantinos, an exclusive Italian bakeshop. There were four large, silver-plated platters set strategically at different points on the table, convenient receptacles in which the guests were to place their gifts of money or articles for

the home of the couple. Packages were not to be opened until after the party was over; the money was not to be counted until the young couple were ready to depart. This too, is an Italian custom.

The liquid refreshments were red wines made by Benuto's uncle. Great quantities of wine in gallon jugs lined the floor just behind the drop of the white table cloth. In the side room, in large galvanized iron buckets, chunks of ice were surrounded by bottles of lager beer, the contribution of Mr. Hogan. Shortly after eight o'clock, the guests began to arrive. The early group was made up largely of the friends and relatives of the parents. They came to taste the sandwiches, drink a little, and wish the young people well. They brought the toddlers and young children with them, all dressed up in their Sunday best.

The music was supplied by two accordions, played by brothers of Benuto; a cornet player and a drummer, from Estelle's side of the family; and a piano player, a member of the Kismet Club. The musicians had had no opportunity for rehearsals. Each player played when he knew the tune, or when he dared attempt it. Many times the accordions alone carried a gay Italian song, and Benuto's relatives nodded and smiled at one another while the others eyed them suspiciously. A good old-fashioned Irish jig-tune gave Mr. Hogan his cue. He pulled Mrs. Hogan unceremoniously from her place of dignity at the table and proceeded to dance a jig. Other couples followed. I thought I was doing quite well until Mr. Hogan said, "You're O.K., but you've got too much Scotch in your fancy steps!" A Virginia Reel brought them all together again. This was a dance both the Italians and the Irish had learned at the neighborhood club, and they liked doing it.

As the evening wore on the older people gathered their broods and shooed them down the stairs much as they would urge their pets out of the back doors with a flip of their aprons. They called back their good wishes and good-bys. They had enjoyed the party, but it was time to get the children to bed. About then, the younger set began to arrive to take over the entertainment for the evening. Confetti and broken balloons soon littered the floor. The young people were wild and gay. Coke, colored pop, and soda appeared. They applauded so vigorously after each musical number that the musicians were given no rest. Benuto and Estelle joined the dancing. It began to look like a Kismet party. The dancing might have gone on through the night except for the Hull House ruling which required the hall be closed by one o'clock.

At twelve forty-five Mr. Hogan said in his friendly, blustering way, "Get the hell out of here. The kids want to count their take!" The young people were leaving now. Benuto stood, red-faced and embarrassed, as he listened to the gibes of his close friends. Estelle was self-assured and radiantly happy. Everything was going to be all right now. The wedding party was over. Benuto counted the money. There was \$347.18 and two telephone slugs. The

gifts included pots and pans, table linen and towels, and quantities of other household items. Mr. Hogan's friends with whom he worked at the tavern on Clark Street "pitched in" and bought the "bedroom suit" as Mr. Hogan called it. Estelle had had a difficult time to persuade her father not to have it brought down to the hall to be put on display at the wedding party.

Mr. Hogan and Mr. Colucci helped to repack the gifts and to carry them downstairs to cars that were waiting on the street below. Then they came back to say goodnight to me. Estelle and Benuto walked out hand in hand. They were followed by Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Colucci, who had locked arms and were walking along silently, each with her own thoughts. Mr. Colucci had his arms around the shoulder of Mr. Hogan, patting him kindly as the two disappeared down the staircase. In true Italian fashion, the young couple were to spend their first night together in the home of the groom. Even to this, the Hogans had become reconciled!

America's 60 Families

By FERDINAND LUNDBERG

ALTA MAE STEELE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

FERDINAND LUNDBERG, AUTHOR OF *IMPERIAL HEARST*, through his latest bestseller, *America's 60 Families*, adds another great book to the sociological literature so popular in this country since the stockmarket crash of 1929. This important and useful book dealing with analysis and revaluation of American capitalism establishes Mr. Lundberg's place with men such as the Hinton R. Helpers, Henry Demarest Lloyds, and Gustavus Myerses.

The five hundred page book, through carefully compiled financial figures, specialized study records, and congressional investigating committee reports, exposes in a vigorous and contemptuous tone the concentrated economic power of America's sixty wealthiest families. In the opening chapter Mr. Lundberg writes:

The United States is owned and dominated today by a hierarchy of sixty of the richest families, buttressed by no more than ninety families of lesser wealth. . . . These families are the living center of the modern industrial oligarchy which dominates the United States, functioning discreetly under a *de jure* democratic form of government behind which a *de facto* government, absolutist and plutocratic in its lineament, has gradually taken form since the Civil War.

Through detailed account and with extensive examples, the author goes on to show how vast industrial empires have been built up, how government itself has been influenced, press and journalism monopolized and controlled, and philanthropy and education used as a cloak to deceive the public and to perpetuate the reign of wealth over society. In stressing the fact that our political democracy is being reduced by the practice of economic inequality, the author says: "The uprush of the American fortune . . . emphasizes that although the United States was once a great political democracy it has not remained one. Citizens may still be equal at the polls, where little is decided; but they are not equal at the bank tellers' wickets, where much is decided. . . . The United States has produced . . . industrial enterprises, what are essentially feudal, dictatorially ruled, dynastic fiefs." Then he explains how intermarriage of these families and the shifting of holdings among members of the families tend to keep modern capitalism a feudal affair—wealth confined to its own group where the lower classes may not attain it.

All governmental administrations, not excluding those under the progressive Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, are shown to have been influenced by, if not in actual intrigue and scandal with, monopolies, banks, and the industrial powers. We further see how public opinion has been shaped by a press "owned and controlled by the wealthiest families of American finance capitalism." Even the least justification for great wealth is taken from the reader's mind when he is told that the philanthropic gestures of the rich are not what we have supposed—acts of charity or services to humanity. Instead these donations are actually investments—non-taxable—and both the funds and the control of the institutions remain always in the hands of the donors and their families.

Mr. Lundberg's background for such a revealing book is undeniable. Born of Swedish-Norwegian parents in Chicago, Mr. Lundberg got his first experience as a police reporter in the Chicago gangster days. Then he went to the United Press and later served as financial reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, which gave him a unique position for viewing Wall Street trickery.

Packed with factual information and humane in interest, this book will doubtless serve its purpose to awaken society to the dangers which threaten democracy through our economic power's being in the hands of a few. However, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Lundberg, in his zeal to uncover the ruinous influence of the wealthy, may have overlooked the possible good deeds of some of the rich. For instance, because Starling W. Childs is a public utility man and gives but one million dollars annually for cancer research, Mr. Lundberg condemns him in that he does not give more. He also criticizes Mrs. Aida de Ascosta Root, wife of a traction magnate, a nephew of Elihu Root, for endowing a fund in honor of the surgeon who saved her eye sight, a fund which later resulted in the establishment of the Johns Hopkins Eye

Hospital. He contends that the character of the hospital should have been decided by others.

The wealthy families Mr. Lundberg holds entirely responsible for conditions as we find them today. This may not be exactly fair, for has not legislation been a willing tool in their rule, and could not this deplorable private exploitation be ended by a decree of government? Is not our elected government as much to blame as the sixty families in creating and perpetuating the unholy state of affairs? Such questions viewed in the light of the facts and records brought out by Mr. Lundberg invite serious thought by every American, for we well know that only a successfully functioning democracy is the answer to the ever-increasing trend toward Communism.

My Career in Magic

FRED K. MAXWELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

I WAS EXAMINING EAGERLY THE ALLURING ADVERTISEMENTS in the Johnson, Smith Co. catalog one hot summer afternoon in August. Being at that rather restless age of thirteen, I was always looking for something new to occupy my attention, and here, in this handbook of cheap novelties, my prayers were apparently about to be answered.

For prices ranging from ten cents to ten dollars I could buy jokes, cheap ornaments and trinkets, scientific toys, sports equipment, literally anything my heart desired. I hadn't quite decided on what I wanted to order, when I came to the section entitled "Magic Tricks and Books." Now from earliest childhood the magician has held a particular fascination for me, as he has perhaps for every boy and girl. Thus, when my eyes fell upon the book ad, "125 Card Tricks You Can Do—25c," I knew exactly what I wanted. A quarter was still a lot of money to me at that age, and I took one from my precious paper route savings only after some deliberation. But soon the letter was on its way.

Then the book arrived. It was only a little, paper-covered volume, but I have treasured it ever since I got it, for it gave me the incentive to begin a hobby that was to bring me a great deal of pleasure. Soon I knew every trick described in that book, and I practiced each daily until I was certain I could effectively "put it over." Now a deck of playing cards is found in nearly every household, and I found it usually an easy matter to persuade someone to let me show him a bit of my newly-learned sleight-of-hand. In no time I was fooling parents and friends, to my great satisfaction. They too got a kick out of it as soon as they learned I was earnestly trying to deceive them in polished magical style. Incidentally, one reason why card magicians are often avoided

or ridiculed is that they stutter around too much or think too hard about what to do next, giving, in effect, a rather jerky presentation of their trick and thus making little or no impression upon the spectator.

My next step was to see what else the novelty company had to offer. From then on a steady parade of ready-made tricks found their way to our mailbox. Cards that changed their spots with a wave of the hand, a ball that ascended and descended a string at a word of command, these and dozens of other deceptive contrivances in the category of "pocket magic" I added next to my repertoire. It was not too long before I learned that under number 793 in the Fine Arts section of the public library could be found a host of books devoted wholly to magic! Here was truly a gold mine. Most of my spare time I spent devouring the contents of these old volumes (there were but few new ones among them, the library board apparently feeling that magic wasn't a subject necessary to keep posted on), noting those tricks I felt I would like to know well, or for which I could build the apparatus, eventually using the tricks to good effect.

It was at this time that I realized what a vast and comprehensive affair this art of legerdemain was. Thousands of treatises had been written on the subject, many people made their living at it in some way or another, and a hocus-pocus of some type had been devised utilizing objects ranging from oranges to automobiles. Amateur magicians were sprinkled the country over, and several societies of conjurors had been organized. Magical supply houses produced new tricks and illusions continually for the magician who did not have time to invent and construct his own.

My interest only increased as I learned more and more about my newly-found avocation. Then the idea came to me of branching out from pocket or impromptu magic to actually putting on shows for such profit as I could make. Of course I would have to practice more in front of a mirror and of my always obliging sisters, but it would be worth it in true enjoyment in playing Blackstone.

My first performance, for a church supper, I shall never forget. My tricks weren't exactly super-colossal, and I was shaking like a leaf, but everyone was friendly that night and rather amused by my "grown-up" speech and airs. My opening illusion went well—production of silken brightly-colored handkerchiefs from home-made, mystically-painted cardboard boxes which had previously been shown empty. My confidence bolstered, I proceeded to name the cards chosen from a deck by several different persons. Also in my presentation that night were the "passe-passe" ball trick where a blue ball and a yellow ball placed in different silks changed places mysteriously, and the disappearance of an egg from under a spectator-held hankie, whereupon it reappeared in a red bag, previously "proved" devoid of matter. Finishing by pushing a blue silk handkerchief through my fist and pulling out an American flag, I was quite

amazed at the nice hand of applause my simple show drew. But amazement turned to satisfaction, and I hoped subsequent attempts would prove as successful.

Little by little people learned that there was a teen-aged magician in town who would do shows at their parties and functions for a nominal sum. As a result, over a year or so I performed at a life insurance business Christmas party, a Boy Scout supper, several birthday parties, some church young people's parties, and a community benefit show on the junior high school stage. My thus-acquired reputation prompted me to join the "International Society of Junior Magicians" and subscribe to their monthly organ, *The Dragon*. I had my name put on the mailing lists of several large magic companies and made friends with several of the established local prestidigitators. In short, I went all out for magic, and it had all stemmed from that little card trick book I bought from the novelty concern.

As is quite often the case when one enters high school, new interests and activities tended to replace the old. Because of increased homework and the greater attraction of music as a hobby, I found the magical "bug" gradually releasing its hold upon me. On occasion I would do a show for a school club, but then I would lay my wand aside and return to my studies again. Summers found me working and coming home too tired to even peruse mystic literature or originate new routines. Finally interest died out completely except after a friend's query at a card game "Are you still doing tricks, Fred?" Then I would of necessity recall an old favorite card trick and perform it with some of the zest of old.

Now, my library card number is no longer the one most frequently stamped on the library of magic books; on my closet shelf covered with dust lies expensive apparatus; my yellow-striped, black-satin magic table rots in the basement storeroom. Perhaps some day I will renew my interest and shake off the clutch of apathy, but for the present my magical career is but a happy boyhood memory.

Isolationist

What is an isolationist? He is a man who lives without society, for society has taught us to respect and aid others. He does not allow thieves and law-breakers to live in his community; he contributes, perhaps generously, to organizations which aid the unfortunate in his own home town. Yet he says we should not meddle with thieves and lawbreakers in the world; he says that misery beyond our borders is no concern of ours. If man punishes the thieves in his own community, should not nations punish the thieves of the world? Can we say that local law is inviolable, but that international law may be broken with impunity? Can we feed our own and remain indifferent to the starvation of all others? The isolationist is trying to wall his country off from the world of which it is an integral part.—LILLIAN GILBERT.

Rain Prayer

DON G. MORGAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

FOR CENTURIES PEOPLE HAVE MADE PRAYERS FOR RAIN, each in his own unique manner. None of these prayers, perhaps, has attained the popularity and intricacy of the Snake-dance of the Hopi Indians. This ritual is the most widely known of all American Indian ceremonial dances.¹

This ceremony still remains secret in many phases. Even though it has been extensively investigated by numerous biologists, anthropologists, and writers, the full meaning of the Hopi Snake-dance has yet to be interpreted. Many theories have been formed and disproved, yet portions of this sacred rite proceed undisturbed by the prying eyes of the white man.

As in many Indian rituals, there is a quaint legend behind the origin of the Hopi Snake-dance. According to this legend, a young Indian chief in quest of the source of the Colorado River came upon a snake kiva. He was cordially received by the people within, smoked and danced with them, and upon leaving, took with him a beautiful young maiden. These two became the mother and father of the Snake clan.² In this legend, the Snake clan and its ceremonies found their origin. To this day, these ceremonies have not wavered from their course of proceeding.

Every year this dance, the culmination of a nine-day ceremony, takes place at one of five Hopi establishments located in N. E. Arizona. On the odd years it is held at Walpi or Mishongnavi and on the even years it takes place at Oraibi, Hotevilla, or Shungopavi. It invariably occurs between the middle and the end of August. Exactly what determines the date is not known. This is one of the phases of the ceremony that are, as previously mentioned, still entirely secret.³

Once the date is determined, the preparations are put in full swing. All proceedings are handled by members of the Snake and Antelope clans.⁴ The first move is the making of prayer sticks, erection of an altar, drawing sand paintings, and the making of intricate costumes.⁵ Great care is taken in all

¹ M. W. Stirling, "Snake Bites and the Hopi Snake Dance," *The Smithsonian Report* (1941), pp. 551-5.

² Erna Fergusson, *Dancing Gods* (New York, 1939), pp. 145-6.

³ Julia M. Buttree, *The Rhythm of the Redman* (New York, 1937), pp. 96-9.

⁴ Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 149.

⁵ *Ibid.*

these preparations since they are as much a part of the ceremony as the dance itself.

The snake-dancers, once made-up in paint and miscellaneous decorations, are the wildest figures to be seen in the Southwest. From head to toe, they are painted in various patterns of black and white. Their hair is brushed with white paint and arrayed with arrangements of owl- and eagle-feathers.⁶ To the non-Indian mind, such a sight would be more likely to scare away the gods than bring down their favor.

Once all these preliminaries are concluded, the actual rites commence. Undoubtedly one of the most picturesque ceremonies in the history of American Indian dances, the Hopi Snake-dance is also one of the most prolonged. Priests are constantly running to and from their subterranean kivas making prayers and collecting ceremonial instruments.⁷

Four days before the dance the members of the Snake clan venture out into the desert wastes to hunt snakes. Each of the four days is devoted to a different point of the compass. On the first day the North is hunted, and on the following days the West, South, and East, in that order. When the hunter comes upon a snake, usually a prairie rattler, he proceeds to capture the snake with a particular technique. First he uses a feathered stick to make the snake uncoil from its striking position. Next he sprinkles the reptile with a special sacred meal, whereupon he swiftly seizes the snake behind the head and places it in a skin bag.⁸

Once in captivity the snakes are subjected to frequent handling and various treatments to make them more docile.⁹ This docility caused by handling lessens the chance of the dancer being poisonously bitten. There are many theories as to the infrequency of fatal bites. Some of the most popular and reasonable point to the skill of the handler, his immunity through continuous contact with the rattlers, or the use of an emetic to clean out the dancer's system after the dance.¹⁰

Other popular theories suggest that the snakes are defanged or "milked" before the dance. The defanging is carefully done with a hoe-like instrument to assure that both sets of fangs are removed. The "milking" process involves a special whip used in such a manner as to make the snake strike repeatedly, thus "milking" it of all its venom. In such cases, the snakes are carefully ex-

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 161.

⁷ Stirling, *op. cit.*, pp. 134-6.

⁸ Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

⁹ Mischa Titiev, "Hopi Snake Handling," *Scientific Monthly*, LVII, July 1943, 44.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

amined before the dance to check their innocuousness.¹¹ These theories have been proved and disproved, leaving us to conclude that method is entirely dependent on the fortitude of the dancer.

Shortly before the dance the snakes receive a final rite. They are dipped in a jar of herb-treated water and then thrown in writhing handfuls on a pile of clean sand. Small boys have the gleeful job of confining the snakes to this sand-pile. I say *gleeful* because these boys make a game of this day-long job.¹²

Once the rattlers have received their treatment, the dance is ready to begin. Preceded by the Antelope clan, who go through an array of chants and dance steps, the Snake clan puts in its appearance, twelve men headed by an albino.¹³ In a symmetrical formation they dance around a given area. While dancing they hold the snakes in their teeth, pass them from hand to hand and man to man, and allow them to crawl at will. Eventually the snakes are tossed on the ground, where they are teased with whips, sprinkled with sacred meal, and kept in a state of complete frustration.¹⁴

By this time the dance has reached its height of frenzy. There are thirty-odd snakes squirming about the dancing area and dancers facing the four winds. As if by a silent signal each dancer scoops up an armful of snakes and dashes off into the distance, where he releases his load. The reptiles are then expected to carry the message for rain to the Sky god.¹⁵

The entire ceremony is concluded by a grand feast at which the entire populace gorges voraciously. Apparently, it is taken for granted that the prayer for rain is infallible. As it has been said, "The Snake-dance always brings rain."¹⁶

¹¹ C. M. Bogart, "The Hopi Snake Dance," *Science*, XXXIX, May 10, 1941, 297.

¹² Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

¹³ Buttree, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ Fergusson, *op. cit.*, pp. 164-7.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 167.

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Rhet as Writ

Forty thousand rabied rapid raped football fans watched the game.

* * * *

Before he met Rosemary, he dated as many girls as he could squeeze in twenty-four hours. But with Rosemary he formed a plutonic friendship. He decided to keep her at sword's length, and he kept her at sword's length until the sword became a pocket-sized knife.

* * * *

In international war doctors and nurses are neutralized.

* * * *

I remained in their village overnight, and the next morning we started for the base in a canoe which was some three hundred miles distant.

* * * *

I quickly packed my clothes in a suitcase with my roommate.

* * * *

But in 1941 the great war started and he was caught in his middle twenties

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Robeson should have stuck to singing and left his mouth shut.

* * * *

The development of the cotton picking machine has removed the slow working hands of the laborers.

* * * *

By attending the University of Illinois one can learn to be unprejudiced and tolerable.



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